



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

# Stone Balls



adventure

humor

fantasy

74 11 13

## Chapter 1 by intellikat

This is the story of THE STONE BALLS.

It takes some time to tell, young ones. But it must be told, you see. If our little town (our little hamlet if you will) forgets the story of THE STONE BALLS and its lessons found within... well hearken and heretofore, little jackrabbits.

Let us begin.

There once was an olde stonecutter named Thomass. Thomass had three sons, Geoff, Geoff, and Geoffrey. No surprises here, but Thomass wanted his three sons to grow up to be stonecutters just as he and his father before him had been. In fact, it could be said that Thomass was a bit obsessed over the idea of stonecutting and the whole of stonecraft in general. The small hut they lived in was full of dog-eared copies of "Stone and Tool" magazine, and the latest technologies and techniques were always the fodder of meal conversations.

One day, Thomass and his three sons were cutting some shit out of stone when a knight pranced up to the hut on some fancy horse and bowed graciously. Thomass stood, stone hammer in hand and mouth a gape.

See more of Story Wars

"What bring you to my hut?"

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

"A quest! No less!" mouthed the knight from high above, hot-dogging a bit by flapping the reins and making his horse paw the earth beneath them. "I need must acquire a valued relic of olde from yonder mountains."

Thomass and his three sons craned their necks in the direction where the knight pointed.

"The Filthy Muntains? What have you to be questin' about there?" said Thomass.

"'Tis not thine concern, stone-for-brains," haughted the knight, and vaunted frometh his steed to the ground. "But ye shall be compensated welles if thou craft'st me what I need'st."

## Chapter 2 by Kitiōn



Thomass, Geoff, Geoff, and Geoffrey all nudged each-other, with the same thought that this knight was missing a few bricks from his hod (an in house masonry joke). Then Thomass said "we be appy to oblige your knightness", so pray what doth though need in terms of appliances & sundry?

The knight said "I wequireth 12 stones arrows hued from your finest granite, and the feather quills to be made form the gruesomer found upon the lillypads of Boggy Bogs.

Thomass rubbed his runny nose with the sleeve of his ragged tunic, and said " and when would your knightness require these items by for his troll hunt. The knight glared at Thomass & and said "who said anything about a troll hunt? By which Thomass lowered his head & said beg you knightness's forgiveness upon an o'l mason who's ad a few to many bricks dropped on is head.

The knight stared and then said I needth these instruments of hunting in God speed, as the mountains beckon me \_ and I hath no need of tarry.

Thomass agreed with the knight that his 12 stone arrows would be ready within three days, but the gossamer could be a little tricky, as Boggy Bog was well known for it's giant frogs, and equally well know for their appetite for human meat.

Chapter 3 by Adam Muller

See more of Story Wars



"If ye hath all the story bit bits of my request, but hath not walked on as lillypad from Boggy Bog, then by crack of a 3 o'clock, ye shall be a dead man! And your sons will surely die!" And with that, the knight disappeared into the night.

Login

or

Create new account

Thomass was stonestruck. Geoff looked like he'd been hit by a brick. Geoff took out his own rock and stoned himself unconscious. And Geoffrey wished for molten lava to jump into to end everything.

The three stoneless boys and their stony father Thomass, wasted one whole crack of that 3-days-dawn just like that! Being lilly-livered and junkless.

Geoff was the first to say somethin' unstupid, "Damminitly! I won't non't winth out that massy lallypid!" It wasn't exactly intelligible, however. He was still a bit stoney from stoning himself and his lips all but dried out and wouldn't let the words be stupid-free. Geoff was sick as mud hearing it and took a hammer to Geoff soft-spot. "Stupidy-Stonass!" Geoff kilt him.

#### Chapter 4 by intellikat



The kilt was green and red, and fit rather cosily.

"Thous shalt accompany me to the Boggy Bog, Geoff," said Geoff the eldest. "We shalt return with grossamer to aid this highest of knights upon ist quest. This kilt shalt protect you from the wiles of the Bog Wench."

"Unlikely," snuffled Thomass. "With such easy access, I expect thine kilt wilt provide ecstasies abounding with the Bog Wench."

"Fine. 'Tis true. He needst to get his rocks off, as dust mee."

Thomass shook his head at his fool-sons three.

"Geoffrey wilt stay with me and craft stone arrowheads whilst thou foolish loggerheads duncecaps attempt the retrieval of boggy fineries. And to bed the Bog Wench."

And so it was.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account